

## LEAGUE WILL BE SUPPORTED IN THE SENATE

AT LEAST FIFTY-ONE SENATORS FAVOR ADOPTION OF PROPOSED PEACE PACT—REPUBLICAN OPPOSITION IS PURELY ON PARTISAN LINE.

## INDIANA MEN OPPOSE

Washington, June 4.—Fifty-one Senators are ready to support the League of Nations covenant regardless of whether it is amended or not, according to a reliable poll of the Senate made by supporters of the league. Forty-seven Senators are opposed. Among the opponents of the league are counted both Senators New and Watson of Indiana.

The supporters of the league include all the Democratic Senators with the exception of Senators Reed of Missouri and Gore of Oklahoma. There are also four Republicans counted upon to support the league without reservation though they would support also any Republican amendment which they think would strengthen the League covenant. These four are Senators McCumber of North Dakota, McNary of Oregon, Capper of Kansas and Norris of Nebraska. Added to these is Senator Spencer of Missouri, who it is understood has advised Republican leaders that he would prefer to see amendments made but that he would support the covenant if no amendments were obtained.

The League position then—and it is without a doubt the most important question to come before this or any succeeding Congress—appears to be that the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate will make an unfavorable report upon the peace treaty, including the League covenant when the committee takes action. The committee will offer amendments. This much is assured because the committee has been carefully chosen to see that all Republicans named to it would stand fast against any proposal to report the treaty and covenant favorably.

Senator McCumber, entitled to a place upon the committee under all rules which govern the Senate, was forced off because he was regarded as a supporter of the League. In his place was put Senator New of Indiana, because New could be counted upon to vote in opposition to the League under all conditions so long as Senator Lodge, chairman of the committee, determined that the Republicans should continue their opposition.

It is rather embarrassing for Senator New. To recognize that McCumber was deprived of his place and the honor which goes with it because of his honest conviction and to know that McCumber must be expected to assist the Republican majority in all other legislation puts the Republican leaders and New in a serious position so far as asking future favors from McCumber is concerned.

"I am intensely eager to have some League of Nations covenant adopted," said McCumber. "If amendments that would make it stronger from the viewpoint of safeguarding American interests can be made, I would vote for them. I am not sure though that it requires amendment. By the time the Senate has the League draft before it and has had the opportunity to discuss it, I believe a way will be found to make it acceptable to the majority, if it is not so already."

With this situation before them, the Republican leaders are counting upon winning the West in the 1920 campaign upon issues purely domestic in character. Through statements and interviews now they are frowning upon any proposal that the league of nations shall become an issue in the campaign. They are offering friendly advice now to the President that under no circumstances should he countenance such an idea and that if the League is injected into the 1920 campaign the President and the Democratic party will be ruined forever.

ever.  
"International affairs have always been kept out of our domestic politics," said Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, Republican boss of the Senate, in an interview with the correspondent of the New York Times. "President Wilson cannot make the League of Nations a political issue in 1920 if he should desire to do so, and I think he is too broad in his statesmanship and political outlook to try to do so. If he or his party should try it, the effect would be disastrous to the Democratic party."

Penrose then concedes there is merit in the program for the creation of the league, though he insists he and his colleagues will try to amend it to strengthen it and to uphold American ideals. Then if they fail, he says, they will have placed themselves on record as being favorable to amendments and will await the League experiment. Tacitly he admits the League will not fail despite the Republican opposition.

### A ROOSTER PARTY.

Invitations have been issued to every farmer in Putnam county to take part in the biggest rooster party ever held in this county. Every farmer is cordially invited to sell or confine for the summer every rooster on the farm.

This big party is being conducted by County Agent R. S. Pouty in co-operation with the extension department of Purdue University for the purpose of producing infertile eggs. Roosters are not essential for the production of eggs and are only essential in the spring of the year before the hatching season in order that they may fertilize the eggs.

Confining the rooster will not only pay the farmer but will also benefit the consumer of the eggs, as infertile eggs will keep longer and deteriorate less rapidly. This is rooster week and the co-operation of every farmer is solicited.

### PREPARATORY STUDENT RECITAL.

The following program will be given at the student recital this evening at 7:30 o'clock at DePaul Music School music hall.

Allegro	Handel
Ruth Wilson	
Improvisation	Virgil
Henry Cook	
Gigue	Virgil
Helen Hester	
Mazurka de Salon	Bohm
Annabella McWethy	
Scene de Ballet	Huerter
Annabella McWethy	
Blanche Bicknell	
Cabaletta	Lack
Margaret Emily McGaughey	
Violin—The Echo	Pardee
Stanley Young	
Halacelle	Wachs
Helen Brothers	
Murmuring Brook	Bohm
Blanche Bicknell	
Caprice	Bevy-Lysberg
Crystal Cooper	
Annabella McWethy	
Violin—	
A May Morning	Graham
Graceful Dance	Graham
John Brothers	
Butterfly	Merkel
Mattie Pearl Julian	
Dance Caprice	Virgil
Valse Caprice	Newland
Ruth Wilson	
Violin—Playful Rondo	Greene
Stanley Young	
William Hester	
Melody in F	Robustein
Norveta Green	
Poupee Valsante (Dancing Doll)	Peldini
Crystal Cooper	
Violin—Polish Dance	Wienawski
Arthur Perry	
Overture—Poet and Peasant	Sonne-Brunner
First Piano—Norveta Green, Ruth Wilson	
Second Piano—Crystal Cooper, Margaret Emily McGaughey	

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### HOG RECEIPTS, 15,500.

PRICES HOLD STEADY

June 4—

Arrivals at the Indianapolis stock yards, Wednesday, were 15,500 hogs, 1450 cattle, 700 calves and 150 sheep. Hog prices held steady under the enlarged receipts, with sales at \$20.40 to \$20.55. Local packers took 7,500 of the offerings of hogs and outsiders an equal number. Cattle were weak, calves 50 cents lower and sheep steady.

## Conflicting Thoughts



## HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI WILL HOLD BANQUET

LARGE ATTENDANCE AT THE ANNUAL EVENT TO BE HELD IN HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING THURSDAY EVENING IS EXPECTED—BANQUET PRICE \$1.25 A PLATE.

## MANY TICKETS ARE SOLD

At noon on Wednesday 205 tickets to the Greencastle high school alumni banquet had been sold. The banquet, which will be held on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the high school building, promises to be the most successful event of its nature ever held here.

For several weeks the committee members have been busy arranging for the event and plans so far have proven most successful. It is predicted that at least 300 tickets will be sold before Thursday evening. Tickets for the banquet, which is to be served by Mrs. Lucy Black, are sold at \$1.25 each.

The program for the evening's events is as follows:

## AUTO PLANT IDLE; PLEA FOR TROOPS

FURTHER TROUBLE FEARED AT TOLEDO—CITY AWAITS WORD FROM GOVERNOR COX—CROWD OF 5,000 FORMER EMPLOYEES ATTACK WORKERS AT GATES OF WILLYS-OVERLAND FACTORY.

## TWO KILLED; 17 INJURED

Columbus, O., June 4.—Governor James M. Cox has not indicated whether he will ask the war department to send troops to Toledo to quell the rioting which late last night caused the death of two men and injury of many others.

The Governor, who has been at his home in Dayton, said he had been in touch with Mayor Cornell Schrieber, of Toledo, by telephone, but that he had nothing further to say. Mr. Cox is expected here today.

Toledo, June 4.—Operations at the Willy-Overland Automobile Company were at a standstill today as a result of rioting last night in which two persons were shot to death and seventeen injured. The plant opened a week ago Monday after two weeks of idleness.

Clarence A. Earl, vice president and general manager of the company, authorized the announcement that no attempt would be made to operate the plant which has been affected by labor disturbances involving 13,000 employees, pending word from Governor Cox regarding an appeal from Mayor Schrieber for troops to handle the situation.

Coroner Promises Inquiry.  
Coroner Walter Hartung has promised an investigation into the deaths in an effort to establish responsibility for the rioting.

The dead men, it is said, were not involved in the labor dispute and were never employed at the Overland plant. They were in the crowd which congregated about a fire station when discharged soldiers guarding the plant arrived in response to a riot call.

Feeling in the neighborhood where the deaths occurred is running high. This is a settlement of Poles. This nationality suffered the most serious during the rioting, and police authorities are apprehensive of further outbreaks aimed at the former soldiers doing emergency police duty. These emergency policemen are armed with automatic pistols and rifles. They still wear the uniform of the army, and are operating under the direction of Colonel L. W. Howard, who receives his instructions from Mayor Schrieber.

### WORK OF HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS NOW ON EXHIBITION

The school exhibit of manual training, art and domestic science departments is now being held in the gymnasium. It is suggested that visitors enter at the Locust street entrance, as that saves climbing stairways. The exhibition is extremely interesting and all patrons should see it. It will be open this evening and those who cannot visit during the day should come during the evening. The doors will be open at 7 o'clock.

### Toasts.

Toastmistress—Miss Martha Ridpath  
Roll Call—Response by Classes  
"When Knighthood Was in Flower"  
Emerson E. Ballard, 1881  
"Mosses from an Old Manse"  
Miss Lenore Alsop, 1896  
"Twice Told Tales"  
Andrew Durham, 1897  
"Afterwhites"  
Miss Katherine Helm, 1919  
"The Professor at the Breakfast Table"  
Prof. R. A. Ogg and Prof. E. C. Dodson.

A. G. Brown of the First National Bank and W. L. Denman were in Indianapolis today to attend a state meeting of Thrift Stamp workers.

## COUNCIL HAS NOT AGREED ON A REPLY

Paris, June 4.—After failing to reach an agreement yesterday on the principle of the reply to the German counter-proposals, the council of four consulted territorial and reparations experts when it convened today. Clauses of the Austrian treaty dealing with reparations are understood to have been completed.

While peace conference circles are seriously considering the possibility of modifying the terms of peace for Germany, Europe is preparing to meet the situation that would be created by German refusal to sign the treaty.

Europe Prepares for Refusal.  
Neutral nations are making known their position on the economic blockade that the allies propose to apply to Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Switzerland have declined to join in imposing the blockade. The explanation given was that the countries could not participate in the blockade without danger to their neutrality, and that the blockade could be made effective without their assistance.

On the military side, the allied armies are ready to move. Grounds exist for the belief that the council of four will reach a decision by Thursday on the reply to the Germans. Experts are at work on the reply, meeting to draft memoranda for submission to the council.

## COUNTY AGENT TO GRADE GRAIN

DEMONSTRATION TO BE HELD IN TERRE HAUTE JUNE 27 OF VITAL INTEREST TO FARMERS.

## MANY COUNTIES INCLUDED

County agents of the Terre Haute district, working in co-operation with J. R. Cavanaugh, field agent in marketing at Purdue University, have secured the showing of the federal grain standardization exhibit for a big meeting in Terre Haute, June 27. The meeting is to be held at the Vigo county court house and is for the purpose of placing before both dealers and farmers the concrete workings of the federal grain grades and their application.

"Clean grain should demand clean prices," says County Agent Fouts, "and it is largely to secure legitimate prices for the grower of clean grain that the federal grain standards have been put into effect. Under the old method of buying grain where a flat rate per-bushel was paid for all grain brought in, regardless of quality, the producer of clean wheat or of sound corn secured no more for his grain than did his neighbor who brought in wheat full of chaff and cockle or high moisture content corn. Obviously this was paying a premium upon poor grain and with such a system of buying there could be no incentive toward grain improvement and the production of high quality grain by the man who really did care."

### Several Counties Included.

It is for the purpose of explaining to the farmers and grain dealers of Putnam, Clay, Park, Vigo, Sullivan, Green, Owen and Vermillion counties the proper method of application of the federal grades that this meeting has been called. Some misunderstanding as to the real intent of the grades has arisen in some sections and it is the purpose of the county agents that all interested parties be placed in position where they can appreciate the advantages of buying and selling grain by grade.

The county agent of the above mentioned counties are issuing invitations to all grain men, millers and farmers in their respective counties to attend the Terre Haute meeting June 27. The county agents from these counties will be present at the meeting as well as representatives from Purdue University, from the bureau of markets of the U. S. department of agriculture, and the various organizations of grain men within the state.

### POLICE PROTECTION IN GREENCASTLE

The fact that robbers could enter a Greencastle business house and evidently take more than an hour in selecting goods to the value of \$7,000, which was carried away in a case, without being detected by the Greencastle night policemen, together with the fact that there has been an epidemic of robberies in Greencastle in the past few weeks, and in no case have the police officers been able to get a clue to the robbers, is evidence that Greencastle's police department is not efficient.

In no case have the robbers been apprehended or even caught in the act by the officers. Especially since the epidemic of robberies has become so noticeable the police should be on the alert and using every means to stop the robberies.

Greencastle people are paying for a night policeman and a day policeman, or rather a city marshal who serves during the day. The citizens are entitled to better protection.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Bales, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bales and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bales and daughters, of Merton, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary A. Bales.

Fred Gasley made a business trip to Greencastle, Monday.

### MAKING FINAL SETTLEMENT IN CABINET COMPANY CASE

Jackson Boyd, commissioner in the bankruptcy case of the Greencastle Kitchen Cabinet Company, is today making up the claims against the company, which will be paid on a basis of 50c on the \$1. The owners of the company stock agreed to a settlement on this basis.

### ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Greencastle, Ind.  
June 4, 1919.

Hilton, John W.  
Kesterson, Mr. Irwin W.  
Shaffer, Mr. George.  
Talbot, Mr. William.  
Watts, Mrs. Anna.  
In calling for same, please say "advertised."

W. L. DENMAN, P. M.

### NOTICE.

I have moved my vulcanizing business over into the room formerly occupied by the W. P. Sackett store on the east side of the square. Open for business.

J. E. CASH.

## DEAN COULTER OF PURDUE TO GIVE ADDRESS

PROGRAM FOR THE GREENCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES TO BE HELD NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT HAVE BEEN COMPLETED—PROGRAM FOR THE EVENT.

## THE LIST OF GRADUATES

Every detail of the arrangements for the annual high school commencement exercises to be held Friday night in the Greencastle high school building has been completed and Friday evening promises to be an important and interesting occasion at the high school.

Dean Stanley Coulter of Purdue University will deliver the address. His subject is "The Wonderful Year." Dean Coulter is one of the most prominent scientists in the country and an excellent speaker.

Seats have been reserved for the immediate families of the graduates respectively and for the teachers, but the remainder of the auditorium is thrown open to the public. At least 400 seats are available to those interested in this occasion. Every seat is a good seat. The doors will be open at 7 o'clock.

The program and list of speakers is as follows:

"Told at Twilight".....Huerter  
High School Orchestra  
a. "Venetian Song".....Paolo Tosti  
b. "Swing Song".....Frédéric N. Lahr  
Girls' Glee Club  
Processional—"March of the Priests"  
Mendelssohn  
Invocation.....Rev. V. H. Raphael  
Address—"The Wonderful Year"  
Dean Stanley Coulter, Purdue University.  
Plantation Songs.....Foster  
a. "Hard Times Come Again No More"  
b. "Nellie Was a Lady"  
Girls' Glee Club  
Awarding of James Beverly Lucas Prizes.  
Presentation of Class.....Principal W. H. Courson  
Presentation of Diplomas.....Supt. Edwin C. Dodson  
Benediction.....Rev. Don Nichols  
Orchestra

### NO SOLDIERS NEED APPLY; PICKED FOR 1920 RACE

Indianapolis, Ind., June 4.—How thoroughly the Goodrich machine at the head of the Republican party in Indiana has arranged to run the party in the next campaign is shown by the plans already developed for the nomination of a state ticket. In its palmy days the Fairbanks-Hemenway crowd never exercised more complete control.

Unless a revolution arises within the party there will be nothing for the Republicans to do but to come here in 1920, when the state convention is held, and ratify the program. Long before the date for the convention the entire ticket will have been named by the leaders who meet at the Severin Hotel to dictate what shall be done.

All of the fine talk about placing a soldier on the ticket has vanished into thinnest air. A while back there was a boom for Major-General Omar Bundy, but it was spiked before it gained much headway. Next there was a serious movement in behalf of Colonel Robert Tyndall, of Indianapolis, gallant commander of the 150th Indiana artillery regiment which fought with the famous Rainbow Division.

Colonel Tyndall has been "talked out" of the field. He is the victim of a propaganda to make him appear as being unpopular with the soldiers. The purpose of the scheme was obvious. If he was unpopular, of course, he would not do for governor.

Warren T. McCray, of Kentland, noted Hoosier stockman, is talked of again for governor, but it is safe to say that the machine will get his number and will see that he never

(Continued on page four)







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## LOCAL NEWS.

Mrs. R. L. O'Hair spent Tuesday in Danville.

Mrs. John H. James is confined to her home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Rollie Siddons are spending today in Indianapolis.

Mrs. John Cannon was in Indianapolis to spend the day, Tuesday.

George M. Wells, of Indianapolis, was here today to visit his aunt, Mrs. Logan Mize, who has been quite ill.

The Women's Study Club will meet on Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock with Mrs. Chester Jordan.

Miss Emily Jackson, who lives with James Browning and family on East Washington street while she is here attending school, is ill of appendicitis.

Mrs. Jay Peck and brother Wilson Boley, of Chicago, will come Saturday for a visit with their aunt, Mrs. F. A. Arnold.

Mrs. Arthur Loring and little daughter, of Kalamazoo, Mich., are here the guests of Mrs. Loring's parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Bence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Allen expect to start Thursday, June 12, for the Rocky Mountains, where they will spend the summer.

Howard Barnaby entertained with a beautifully appointed dinner last night at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnaby.

Earl Buntin, who lives four miles east of town, returned Wednesday afternoon from a ten days' stay in French Lick.

George Morris, of Terre Haute, a former Greencastle man, was here today looking after business affairs and visiting his many local friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Creverling spent Tuesday in Brazil, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Koehler. Mrs. Koehler formerly was Miss Verna Stoner, of Greencastle.

Dr. Bastain, of Fillmore, who is suffering pneumonia, is reported today to be getting along as well as could be expected. Dr. Bastain formerly resided in Greencastle.

Miss Mary Elizabeth Scripps, who has been here attending high school, and Miss Doris Bowman, who has been attending DePauw, will leave Thursday morning for their homes in Rushville, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. George McHaffie, of near Stilesville, were here today. Mr. McHaffie is desirous of leaving his farm and is contemplating removing to Greencastle if he can secure a suitable home here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. White are building a new concrete cleaning establishment in the rear of their home on Johnson street. The building will be fire-proof and up-to-date in every respect.

Xerxes Hinton, son of Mrs. Mary Hinton of this city, arrived in Greencastle this morning from Detroit, Mich. Mr. Hinton left this noon with his mother for Broken Bow, Neb., where they will visit their sister and daughter, Mrs. J. L. Wilson.

The condition of Mrs. James P. Hughes, who has been quite ill, is reported to be improved today.

Miss Edna Curtis has accepted a position at the Greencastle Gas Company office. She will succeed Miss Lucille Torr.

Greencastle autoists are again experiencing some slippery times. The second car of oil is here and the streets are again being oiled. Those which were oiled first are being gone over again.

Attorneys John H. James and Matt Murphy, representing the heirs in the Besser estate, went to Marshall, Ill., today to secure the descriptions of some properties owned by the estate there in order that the final settlement of the estate may be made. Dan Besser and Mrs. James Watson are the heirs.

Mrs. Ed. Hutcheson of Hamrick and Mrs. Carl Ferrand of east of town have gone to Muncie to attend the funeral of Charles Rockaway, whose death occurred at that place Monday afternoon. Death resulted from typhoid fever. Mrs. Rockaway is a sister of Mrs. Hutcheson and Mrs. Ferrand and is well known here.

W. E. Baney was in Indianapolis, Tuesday, to visit his son, J. Erwin Baney, who is in St. Vincent's hospital recovering from a recent operation. Mr. Baney reports that his son is recovering nicely and will come to Greencastle the latter part of the week for a visit.

Eldridge Mason, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, who live on East Washington street, is suffering a badly bruised hand as the result of being spurred by a pet rooster. The Masons had two bantam roosters and Monday they got into a fight. In separating them, the largest rooster spurred him through the hand.

L. A. Rocky and daughter, of Carter, Mont., and William Rocky, of Jacksonville, were here Tuesday afternoon to attend the funeral of John Rocky. Wallace Poynter, Orval Fultz, Jas. Dunn and Gilbert Patterson, who were arrested Sunday for shooting crabs, pleaded guilty Monday morning in mayor's court and were each fined \$11.

Joe Byrd, colored, employed at Rochester, was brought here yesterday and appeared before Special Judge T. C. Grooms on a charge of failure to provide for his wife and child, who live here. He was given a sentence of from one to seven years, but the sentence was suspended on his promise to pay \$2 per week toward the support of his wife and child.

Mrs. Frank Bittles entertained this afternoon with a delightful party for her sister, Mrs. W. T. Sillington, of Little Rock, Ark., and Mr. Bittles' sister, Mrs. W. C. Mathews, of Kentland, Ind. The home was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, peonies predominating. The guest list included about fifty of the younger friends of Mrs. Bittles. Mrs. William Koehler, of Brazil, was among the guests.

## CORN STALK VALLEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Ora Day, of Fillmore, visited with Melvin Ruark and family, Sunday.

Clyde Buntin and family were Sunday visitors with Henry Storm and family.

A large crowd attended the party at John Cash's, Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Robinson and children visited with John Wise and family, Sunday.

Lawrence McGinnis and family and Mrs. Myrtle Storm and sons spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Alice McGinnis.

Mrs. Mabel Buis and children spent Saturday at Elisha McAninch's.

Mrs. Ida Newman visited with her father, James Cox and daughters, Florence and Lessie, Thursday.

Several from this vicinity attended the memorial services at Providence, Sunday afternoon.

Myrtle Storm and sons called on Mr. and Mrs. George Cheek, Sunday evening.

## POPLAR GROVE.

Fay Rasner and James Bales spent the week end with relatives at Greencastle.

Several from here attended the dance at Mike Leonard's, Saturday night.

Mrs. Albert Williams is on the sick list.

Miss Reggie Williams was in Greencastle, Saturday.

Carl Elmore of Indianapolis, Dewey Elmore of Greencastle, Harold Cox and family and Roy Jones and family spent Sunday with Elias Elmore and family.

Mrs. Merle Beck and daughter, Maxine, spent Sunday with her grandmother, Mrs. William Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Alancy Farmer and William Allen were at Providence, Sunday.

## MALTA.

Jos. Miller is no better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Poer, of near Danville, and Mr. and Mrs. John Stanley spent last Sunday at Will Shuck's.

Mr. and Mrs. Umberto, of Greencastle, and Mr. and Mrs. Key, of Stilesville, visited at Jos. Miller's last Sunday.

Miss Lucy Garrett and Mrs. Will Shuck spent last Saturday in Greencastle.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Walls and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hunter motored to Indianapolis last Saturday and attended the races.

Mrs. Jos. Campbell is getting along nicely.

Mrs. Ransom, Mrs. Eva Walls and Mrs. Marie Lawson spent last Thursday with Mrs. Will Shuck and daughter.

Several from this place attended the Decoration exercises at Fillmore last Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Shuck and daughter, Mary, ate ice cream at Frank Garrett's last Sunday evening.

Miss Mary Shuck, Miss Grace Morgan and Miss Gladys Hubbard from this place attended the social at Mr. Hendren's last Monday night.

Mrs. Ora Morehead and children have returned to their home in Oklahoma after a few days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Kneizer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith called on Frank Garrett's last Sunday.

## THE TACON THEATER.

Havana's Famous Playhouse Has an Interesting History.

The history of the Tacon Theater of Havana is very interesting. In the year 1855 Francisco Marti, who was then the leader of a band of pirates which infested the island of Cuba and who had a price of \$10,000 on his head was captured and ordered to be put to death. Before there was no hope for him, he asked leave to see General Tacon, who was then governor general of Havana, and told him if his life was spared he would denounce his entire band and assist him in ridding the island of the number of pirates, which infested it at that period. Accordingly General Tacon gave him a two weeks' parole, and inside of a week Marti had denounced his fellow pirates and turned them over to the government. For this service he was pardoned.

In 1890 Marti asked for the concession to build a national theatre on the site of Parque Central. It was granted to him. General Tacon went further and allowed him the privilege of the use of forty convicts who were then confined in Morro castle to assist him in the work, each convict receiving the sum of 20 cents a day. In 1893 the theatre was finished, and Marti, as a proof of the gratitude he felt toward General Tacon for sparing his life, named it El Teatro Tacon. During the insurrection in Cuba many exciting incidents took place here. In one instance a regiment of Cuban insurgents barricaded themselves in the theatre and held it against the Spaniards for three days. Finally they were starved out, and as they were making their escape all were shot.

The theatre is built of white stone, with decorations of marble, and faces Central park, being in the center of the fashionable district of Havana. It is one of the largest theaters in the world, seating over 3,000 persons. — Cuban Review.

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## The Wrong Number

"This morning Mrs. Globule told me that she called me up on the phone last night," said Mrs. Nidgican. "She said she made a mistake. She forgot that our number was 3953 and called for 3933. She got the number she asked for and said, 'Is this you?'"

"A woman's voice answered yes, and Mrs. Globule took it for granted that the person speaking was I, so she said, 'I'll be right over.' The woman's voice replied, 'That will be nice. Come ahead, and bring a lunch with you if you are going to stay long.' And then the unknown party hung up the phone."

"Imagine my saying such a thing as that to Mrs. Globule! And I went out today and wasn't home when she got here! If that wasn't a mean trick for someone to play on her! I will report the whole matter to the telephone company and have them apologize, and somebody ought to be discharged."

"I don't see," contended Nidgican, "why anybody should be discharged. Your friend called the wrong number and got the wrong number. She got what she asked for—no kick coming on that."

"Some people always order what they don't want and then kick when they get it. I think I'm doing fine if I get what I order."

"But I never do. Yesterday at the restaurant I ordered an omelet au rufolite, and the waiter assumed a knowing look and came back bringing the strangest looking dish I ever saw. He put it on the table and I said: 'Will you introduce me, please, to this dish?' I am sure we never met before. Now can I classify it without your aid. The waiter swore that I had ordered that very thing."

"Now in the case of the phone, I have no doubt that the man whose phone number is 3933 suffers considerable annoyance from your friend's calling them instead of us."

"Just the other day I answered the phone and a woman said: 'Is that you?' I admitted that it was and she said: 'Do you want some money?' I said yes. She said: 'How much?' And I said: 'Oh a couple of million will do very nicely, thank you,' and she hung up."

"No doubt the man she wanted is still waiting for the welcome words that will never again be spoken. And all because she asked for the wrong number."

"Well, I must say," commented Mrs. Nidgican, "that wasn't a very nice thing for you to do."

"Why not? I told the absolute truth. If she had asked me what my number was I would have told her all. But she didn't. Now when I order a steak—"

"But think of that poor man! Imagine his frame of mind. He may have been in jail. You should have explained. You knew that you were not the person wanted."

"Yes, that's right. When she got to offering me money I knew I wasn't the man, darn the luck! But, as I say, when I order steak—"

"Never mind. Dinner will be ready in ten minutes."

## CLASSIFIED ADS.

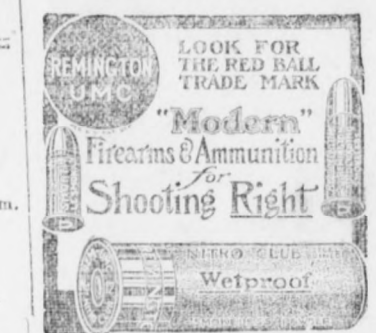
FOR RENT—Five modern rooms. Call 'phone 564. 3t

MILK—Persons desiring to engage milk to be delivered daily in Greencastle 'phone Charley Watson, Brick Chapel, at his expense.

Early cabbage plants for sale, 5c a dozen. 'Phone 506.

WANTED—Rained young men and women to work during vacation. Apply now. Miss Huger. 'Phone 545.

FOR SALE—\$50 china closet, dining table, oil stove, mirror, phonograph and large blackboard. 'Phone 50.



## AS WAR MEMENTO

Public Square of Arras Is to Be Preserved.

Just as War Left It, It Will Serve to Remind the World That Here the Marauding Huns Were Checked.

In the Little Place of Arras, where once stood the Hotel de Ville, with its belfry and its pen of bells, led by La Joyeuse, is today a notice board in English. It says that this place is to be preserved in its ruin as war has left it.

Other places will be rebuilt again, and will forget, but this Little Place will remain empty, and one day Arras will be more proud of that emptiness and of those few broken stones than are other towns of the most beautiful things that they possess.

For so Arras will remain always, as it is today one of the rocks visible on which the great waters of invasion broke and surged and broke again, but could flow no farther. There they were held. There in the center of Arras you come suddenly today on the dark line of their highest tide.

Elsewhere, across the open country, you come more gradually in the land of war, by roads where troops move, by fields where are lines and lines of brown and white trenches, ready but never used; by empty villages, with here and there a house broken; and so at last into the great No Man's land of France, uninhabited, unbuildable, where armies fought and fought again, until all is destroyed and men live a gypsy life by the roadside. But in Arras you turn a corner of one of the little streets and it is as if a window had opened suddenly and you looked out on war.

For three years one could only enter Arras from the west, by the road from Doullens through the Amiens gate on by the road from St. Pol past Dead Man's corner, where nightly the relief, coming up, were stalled. Beside both these roads the trees stand, and the fields are tilted and there are woods across the hills. You enter Arras today through a square unchanged by war. The change is not yet.

It is a silent town. Its houses stand, though scarcely one is quite whole. Their shutters are closed—their broken faces boarded up. The town is like a man that sleeps after long suffering.

As you pass through cobbled streets, very gray, clean, silent streets, between those exhausted houses, going down the Rue St. Aubert and by the white hospital with its green vine leaves. Then you turn up other little streets, with their narrow sky above them and come, very suddenly, on an open lane with banks on either side, where nettles and coltsfoot and loosestrife grow. But this that looks like a country lane is cobbled, and its banks are heaps of brick.

It is as you enter this lane that you are conscious of something more unexpected and more awful than any ruined and broken things—of an enormous emptiness in the middle of that town of tall houses and narrow streets.

When the years have passed and all the country to the east of Arras has long been made whole; when the trees grow again beside the Cambrai and the Bapaume roads and there are cottages once more in Bouzains and Remy and Vis-en-Artois, there will still be that sudden emptiness beneath the sky among the narrow streets of Arras.

Standing there, men will remember that once one could come into Arras only from the west. They will think of it then as of one of those towns, now far inland and surrounded by quick fields, which once were on the seashore. They will look at that gray ruin of the town hall as at the ruins of a great rock where once the storms beat.

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Pathe News Weekly



(Continued from page one.)

throws his hat into the ring. McCray received a lesson from the machine in 1916.

Ed. Toner, of Anderson, who helped to lead the Bull Moose from the wilderness into the Republican fold in 1916, was assured of strong support for governor. He seemed to think he was running at a good pace when he was shoved aside. It was made clear that he wouldn't receive consideration from the men at the head of the machine and that his boom was dead.

Edgar D. Bush, lieutenant governor, who fought Governor Goodrich's centralization schemes in the 1916 legislature, has looked forward to running for governor, but the machine will nail him if he tries to start—which he hardly will do in view of the way things are being done here.

The ticket as partially made up for next year follows:

For Governor—Will H. Hays, of Sullivan.

Secretary of State—W. F. Roach, of Delphi.

Treasurer of State—Ben Urbans, of Valparaiso.

Auditor of State—Lew Bowman, of Richmond.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—Linn Hines, of Crawfordsville.

Reporter of the Supreme Court—Will Adams, of Wabash.

The above ticket with the exception of Urbans is a "cinch." Urbans comes from McCray's district, which probably means that he will be nominated so the machine can satisfy the Republicans of the Tenth. Other prospective candidates for treasurer are beginning to see the folly of going further.

When the machine drove John Reed, of Indianapolis, out of the auditor's office it is reported that Bowman was assured that he would be nominated to succeed Otto Klaus as auditor.

Adams has been a candidate for re-nomination since he took office three years ago. He belongs to the element of the machine which is as important to the cast as the actor who struts about the stage and shouts "My Lord, the carriage waits."

The excuse for the program is that harmony must be maintained at all costs in order that the Republicans may carry the state. In the meanwhile Senator Harry S. New, the great (?) critic of the government at Washington, rattles around in his seat at the Capitol and gives out interviews claiming that Indiana is 75,000 Republican.

Also at the same time Senator James E. Watson, proclaimed by his devoted friends as the "greatest of all Republican statesmen" and the logical candidate for president, has been told that he can accept or leave another senatorial nomination—but that if he tries to run for President machine leaders will step on his neck and crush him.

The program is to be carried through whether the protest from the party workers is big or little.

#### Caught at Last.

A one of the summer camps, a father said to his pretty daughter one morning.

"What time did you send that young Simpson home last night?"

"Oh," replied the girl, "I don't think it was very late."

"It must have been close to midnight."

"Why, father?"

"Didn't you send him out of the back door and hurry off to bed when you heard me coming in?"

"Oh, I must have been in bed for hours when you came in."

"You heard me, then?"

"Yes, you were up."

"And you had me in bed for hours?"

"Uh huh!"

"That certainly is funny."

"Why?"

"Because when I went to light the lamp I nearly burned my hands on the hot chimney."

"Fifty cents."

"I'll take it," was the prompt response, "and you may keep the yard you've torn off."

And the average man spends nine-tenths of his life trying to accumulate enough money to enable him to spend the other tenth in comfort.

#### Punning Lord Rhondra.

Speaking of puns, if Oliver Wendell Holmes were alive he would certainly like to add to his "Home for Decayed Puns" the series of puns on the name of the late British food controller, Lord Rhondra. A British officer is reported to have said: "Our poor food controller comes in for a good deal of chaffing. I heard him addressed one day as 'the gay Lord Quene,' and another time a lady called him 'the lord of the manna.' He never really minded, though; but it's true he got rather angry once when a flapper told him her butcher's quene was a very popular Rhondravous."—Outlook.

## Make-Believe

Little Mrs. Gray flattered into her guest's room with a pasteboard box in her hand.

"Helen," she said, "I want you to do something for me. See this perfectly beautiful muffler I have bought for Allen's birthday present? Well, his birthday is three weeks off, but I want him to wear the muffler tonight. Please pretend that you have bought it for one of your friends and offer it to Allen to wear. His old muffler is quite shabby, and he's going to an important business man's dinner. It's necessary, I think, that he should look prosperous, and he can't look prosperous while wearing a worn-out old muffler, can he?"

"No, Laura, I suppose not," agreed Helen. "But, really, wouldn't it be sailing under false colors if I—"

"Never mind that, dear. It's only a joke, you know. I do want Allen to have the use of the muffler, and I don't wish to spoil the birthday surprise by giving it to him now. He's out in the hall this minute getting ready to start out. Let's go and insist upon his wearing it."

In a moment Helen found herself offering the muffler to her host with a careless generosity that quite surprised herself.

"But I have to take the new off a present you have bought for some friend, Helen," protested Allen, who would really have preferred his old silk scarf.

"I'm very glad to have you try it out for me," laughed Helen.

"Oh, Allen, it's so becoming to you," said his wife. "That soft gray just suits your complexion. Don't you think he looks nice in it, Helen?"

"Yes, indeed, Laura, agreed Helen, smilingly.

"Allen, do be careful not to lose it. Helen, you have no idea how perfectly reckless Allen is with his belongings. When you have a husband you'll see how much care a man is. Now, Allen, perhaps I'd better fasten this muffler to your overcoat collar with a little safety pin. I'm sure I don't want Helen to be worried about it."

"I shan't have the least anxiety," declared Helen, who marvelled at her friend's matrimonial play acting.

"Well, do be careful, anyway. I should so hate to have you lose it, Allen, the way you lose umbrellas."

"Perhaps I had better not borrow it, I can usually be trusted, Laura, not to scatter my wearing apparel about the city, but you—"

"Nonsense. It is a great deal better looking than your own old one, please keep it on. Helen will be hurt now if you don't wear it. Won't you, Helen?"

"Yes, indeed, I shall," asserted Helen, dutifully.

So Allen, trying to look pleased and grateful, thanked her again and went to the dinner, wishing with secret irritation that his wife would not be quite so anxious about his appearance.

The next morning while Helen was packing her trunk to leave Laura came into the room with the muffler.

"Now, wasn't it just like Allen to go to business without even thinking of returning this to you?" she asked.

"I took it out of his overcoat pocket before he was up, and he never missed it. You say, men are really awfully careless. Do you wonder that I cautioned him not to lose it?"

"No," murmured Helen, absently. She was a little tired of the muffler.

"And wasn't it just splendid that he never suspected it was really his own muffler that he was wearing? You know, when he was thanking you so enthusiastically last night I could hardly keep my face straight."

"Nor I mine," sighed Helen.

Two days after Helen reached her own home she received a gray silk muffler from Allen. It was a much handsomer and more expensive one than that which he had supposedly borrowed from her.

"My dear Helen," said the note which accompanied it, "Laura was right. After all, I should have cast away my pride and allowed her to pin that muffler of yours to my overcoat. I have to confess that her anxiety was not unfounded. I must indeed, be the careless creature she thinks me, for I did lose your muffler. When I went to take it out of my overcoat pocket to return it to you I was astonished to find it gone. I hope that the one I am sending will be a satisfactory substitute for the beautiful muffler you so kindly trusted me with, and that, remembering I am a mere man, you will find it your heart to forgive me."

"By the way, I shall be eternally grateful if you won't say anything to Laura about my losing your muffler. She is such a punctilious little woman that she would be quite upset over my fault, especially after all her warnings. So, with more apologies, I throw myself upon your mercy."

"Good gracious! What shall I do with the thing!" groaned Helen, as she looked at the muffler with deep aversion. "I feel like a double-dyed fraud. For if any one ever obtained goods under false pretenses I certainly have done so in this case."

#### Easy Money.

A certain house in a Western town improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy good-for-nothing, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's got a job now," said the smiling old mother. "Gets good money, too. All he has to do is to go twigat a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of his time he has to himself."

## NO, THIS ISN'T TO EAT, IT'S A CITY

KANDY IS OLD TIME CAPITAL OF CEYLON, AND CONTAINS TOOTH OF BUDDHA.

Here's Where the Rodaya Live, an Utterly Unregenerate Caste.

The old-time capital of Ceylon is a city rich with the usual picturesque-ness of the east, and having two or three unusual points about it as well. In Kandy you will find the Rodaya caste, one of the new Buddhist castes whose origin is a matter of history. Kandy, too, contains the most sacred object in the Orient, no less a relic than a tooth of Buddha. These two features are Kandy's principal claims to fame and interest.

It is written that the Rodaya had their origin in the sentence pronounced by an old-time king, who charged that they served his table with the flesh of pigs instead of the flesh of deer. For this crime he made them the lowest of all castes, and their lot has not been a happy one, there are perhaps 500 of them left today, they may be seen daily around the outskirts of Kandy. They are not allowed to live in houses, but inhabit miserable lean-tos. They have no recourse to native courts of justice, although under the English law they are not discriminated against. They may not use a bridge, but have to swim all streams. They must kneel when addressing the higher castes. When the shadow of one of them falls upon food the food cannot be eaten.

Generations of this organized out-caste have naturally enough driven the Rodaya into all manner of objectionable habits. They are not nice about their bill of fare, nor particular about the ten commandments. The men are an unlovely crew, but the women, strangely enough, are among the comeliest in Ceylon. Men and women, they are incurable wanderers.

The Rodaya are a pretty clear case of people who have been made what they are by persecution. There is something ironical in their worship outside the great temple—they are not admitted within—for it stands for the system that cast them down. The temple shields what is believed to be a tooth of the Buddha himself. The fact that the tooth in question is two inches long and an inch in diameter casts a certain amount of doubt upon the authenticity of this belief.

#### Africa Is Less Dark.

Africa is no longer merely the land of wild game haunts, where savage men and savage beasts lurk in impenetrable jungles. The belt of civilization that almost completely encircles the continent has been encroaching on the wild rapidly of late, and the development of vast natural resources that have been merely scratched into fair to grow at an unprecedented rate. One Englishman asserts that Africa is "the young man's opportunity," when the rest of the world is considered.

Even the Sahara desert, in all its unamed desolation, appears in a less formidable light since the completion of some recent explorations. Between the northern fringe of states and the River Niger a great grassy plateau has been discovered in the very heart of the desert. It receives nearly a foot of rainfall a year, and is covered with verdure and little lakes. Moreover, the rain belt is extending further north every year, and the desert is retreating before it. It may not be many years before the enterprising settler will be irrigating the Sahara, and the automobile's "honk" will be echoing the lion in the one-time jungles.

#### Among the Eskimos.

The Stefansson Arctic Expedition, sent out by the American Museum of Natural History in cooperation with the Geological Survey of the Canadian government, has resulted in a more extended knowledge of the Eskimos than the world has possessed hitherto. After five years among these people, Mr. Stefansson has procured phonographic records of the songs and stories of the Eskimos and made a dictionary of the words used in their various ceremonies. He took measurements of heads and numerous photographs of individuals. Their manner of gathering food and subsisting in the barren ice fields is most remarkable, since no white man has ever been able to venture into the Arctic, without a ship laden with supplies, except to face starvation.

The leaders of the expedition donned Eskimo clothes, which are said to weigh no more than a spring suit, and still allow one to sit comfortably on a block of ice and with the back to the wind of ice through a hole in the ice, while the temperature is fifty below zero, and feel the cold only in the face.

#### The Heathen.

A Baptist minister, at the close of his sermon, announced that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the parishioners said afterward:

"Why, you have never told us one word of this before. It finds us unprepared. What shall we do?"

"Brother," said the minister, solemnly, "I shall not leave town."

Try a little baking soda and hot water when cleaning kitchen utensils.

## A Tragedy

Sam Tearnay had a Corlethian neck and fuzzy, pale eyebrows, a square jaw and would have been thrown out of a beauty contest unanimously. Romance to him was something to be classed with measles and other blights of the human race, and when the hideous fact was made evident to him that his brother Jimmy was aware, and more than aware, that the Billings sisters had established a millinery shop at the corner of the block where the Tearnays' dry goods and men's furnishings store held sway he was beyond words.

"Watchu think you're doing?" he growled, after Jim had dashed to the glass front to cast a smile and how toward one of the Billings sisters hurrying past. "Are you selling gents' furnishings or are you dealing in feathers and wire frames now?"

"Aw, you make me tired!" was Jim's brotherly response. "Can't I be polite to a lady? It wouldn't hurt you if you spruced up a bit yourself!"

Sam snorted his disgust and grabbed a paper of pins for a small girl who had asked for knitting needles. He saw a situation ahead of him and was bewildered at the thought of handling it. It stood to reason that Jim would be saved from himself and preserved to a happy bachelor life. Secretly Sam Tearnay thought his brother Jim remarkably handsome.

Sam felt that the blonde Billings girl with the twinkling eyes and pretty hair would leave no stone unturned to grab Jimmy if she could beguile him into giving her a chance. Certainly she was an empty-headed girl who knew nothing but how to stick roses and feathers on headgear. How did Jim expect to have a happy home living on bakery pies and rolls and canned goods? Maybe she'd insist on boarding. Her kind generally did.

Sam carefully pointed out these damaging facts to his brother, but Jim only scoffed heartily, after the way of males seeking to hide from even themselves the fact that they are courting. There was nothing serious in either his attentions or those of Kitty Billings. They were just good friends.

"Huh!" Sam barked. "Good friends! Don't you drop in that shop every identical night after eight o'clock closing and sit and moon and eat chaffing dish stuff out in the trimming room, and didn't I catch you taking her a box of candy? Say, I'm tired of hanging around here after I finish the books waiting for you to come along and go home!"

"Well, what do you wait for then?" Jim demanded, raspy. "Why don't you go on alone home?"

Sam gasped. This proved the worst—for he and Jimmy had always left the store together since they had started it five years before. Nothing meant anything to Jim any more, evidently, compared with being with the blonde Billings girl. A deadly hatred for her clutched him. And an equally deadly disgust for his brother surged through him. Almost every evening now, defiantly, Jimmy brushed and tidied himself after closing hour and contentiously stepped out of his front door into the front door of the chic little millinery shop without a glance at his seething brother. Gloomily Sam would sit glaring at the ledgers before him, biting a pen and waiting. He was unable to tear himself away. Somehow he felt he must be on hand to know the worst when it happened. Moreover, he hated going home alone to their boardinghouse room. Rather wildly he refused to consider the thought that after Jim had got married he would have to go home alone always.

But even underground keyers boll up occasionally. The thermometer stood at precisely two below the evening that Sam banged shut and locked the front door of the store and stalked off without waiting for Jim, who was spending his pleasant evening in the back room of the little millinery shop. The acute point of this lies in the fact that Jim's hot and warm overcoat were waiting for him in his own store and he had no eye. In a cold and righteous fury Sam prepared to retire. He told himself it served Jim perfectly right for being such a fool and he'd maybe realize what sensible people thought of him. Let him run the half mile to the boardinghouse—do the clump good! Maybe he wouldn't be so crazy about that snoring Billings creature if he had to suffer a little!

With these interesting thoughts Sam anxiously stayed awake till Jim came panting into the room from his frigid scamper. No denunciation fell from his lips whatever. In alarm Sam switched on the lights and glanced at his brother's face.

"Wh-what's the matter?" he stammered. Jim gazed at him utterly oblivious of his own shiverings and spoke between chattering teeth. "You-you might as well know," he got out. "Kitty—she t-turned me down. She s-said no! You won't have to worry any more!"

There was a long silence. "Say," Sam stammered at last. "I—I'm sorry, old man! Honest—say, a girl who'd refuse you isn't worth worrying about! I'd like to wring her neck! Say—wait a minute and I'll fix you something hot to drink. Now, wouldn't that frost you?"

#### Just as Dangerous

"Let's send the Czar a bomb concealed in a plum pudding," suggested one plotter.

"Why not merely send him a plum pudding," rejoined the other plotter. "If he eats it our work is done, and we run no risks."

His cell at the state's prison. He will be buried in the prison cemetery, and his grave will be marked only with his convict number."

Strangely coincident, there appeared in the same issue an announcement of the sudden death of Edith Lowrey, the cause being given as heart failure.

#### Monotonous

"Your new suit came this afternoon," announced young Mrs. Maitland, and I took fast of the box and hung it on a fern in your closet.

"I don't like it," she continued. "It's bad."

"So do I," agreed the young person horridly.

Maitland, deep in the European situation, was oblivious.

"I say," repeated Mrs. Maitland, her voice suddenly thrilling. "I don't like it!" She waited a minute. Then, in a beautifully high key, "Jim Maitland, will—you—listen?"

"I'm listening," Maitland murmured vaguely. "You were saying—"

"You don't know one blessed thing I was saying," indignantly exclaimed young Mrs. Maitland. "It's dreadful the way you pore over the paper the whole livelong evening! I don't count for anything any more, I guess! Your new suit proves that. You are perfectly horrid to act in direct opposition to my wishes and select another old gray! You—"

"What's that?" Maitland's glance came from the last edition.

"You perfectly well know—what's that?" flared Mrs. Maitland. "Didn't I beg you not to get another gray serge?" she demanded. "Have you had anything but gray, spring, summer, fall and winter, for the last five years? No one believes you ever have a new suit, Jim Maitland!"

"Now, don't try to smooth it over!" she hurried on. "I simply won't listen. All your talking won't alter the fact that that horrid old thing is hanging in your closet. And your Cousin Bill and his wife are coming next week. Don't you suppose I know what they think of me? Well, I know exactly!"

"Jim Maitland, do you mind keeping still until I finish? They think I'm a selfish old cat, that's what they do, splurging out in something new every time they're here! Oh, I can hear Mrs. Bill talking to your mother after she goes home! And I can hear them both pitying you because you have to deny yourself so outrageously in order that my extravagant desires may be gratified! How should they know, how should any one know, that you buy three and four suits a year, when every last one of them is an abominable gray?"

"Oh, for pity's sake keep quiet, Jim Maitland!"

"Goodness knows, I've tried to deserve the good opinion of your family! And it's simply heartbreaking to know that because of your stubborn infatuation for a certain color I'm considered—"

"For the love of Mike!" Maitland burst forth, "will you let a fellow—"

"No, I won't," stormed young Mrs. Maitland. "And you're a wretch, that's what you are! I'd set my heart on your having a lovely blue suit for the Billings visit! Now—"

"See here—"

Young Mrs. Maitland waved wildly for silence.

"And you needn't propose the theater or one blessed thing while they're here; for I won't go, so there! I refuse to be humiliated. I saw Bill eying the thing you have on now when he was here a month ago. I was so ashamed!"

A flood of tears forced young Mrs. Maitland into silence.

"Going to rest a moment?" Maitland asked. "Then, I may as well tell you that the gray garments up in my closet belong to—Cousin Bill!"

Young Mrs. Maitland's tears were checked in something less than a jiffy.

"Why, Jim Maitland, what ever do you mean?"

"I may talk? Thanks! Well, Jim's been badly over my gray suits for some time. Thanks I have a great eye for shade. So when he was here a month ago he ordered a suit, to be delivered here. Do you grasp the situation? My suit won't be finished until Saturday."

"Oh, Jim!" gasped young Mrs. Maitland. "And it's—"

"Blue. A peach of a navy!"

"You dear! But why didn't you say so long ago? You were perfectly horrid, worrying me and letting me abuse you so!"

Maitland slanted a look at her. "For the love of Mike!"

With a gesture wonderfully expressive he went back to his last edition.

#### Retiring

Mr. Dean, the head of a large manufacturing business, built up his success by his own dogged and persistent toil. He had never felt that he could spare the time for a vacation. Not long ago he decided that he was getting along in years and was entitled to a rest. Calling his son Ellis into the library one evening he said:

"Ellis, I've worked pretty hard for quite a while now and have done pretty well, so I have about decided to retire and turn the business over to you. What do you say?"

Ellis pondered the situation gravely for a moment, then his face brightened. At last the jury came back into the court and the foreman arose and said: "The two of us retire together?"

While testifying in his own behalf in a suit to collect \$25,500 due him, an engineer stated he was the greatest engineer in his line.

Upon being admonished by a friend for patting himself on the shoulder in this manner he said:

"I felt like a blooming idiot up there on the stand, but, blast it all, I was under oath."

## Who Manages The Standard Oil Company? (Indiana)

SEVEN men, who have demonstrated unusual ability in their particular branch of the business, have been entrusted with the task and responsibility of management.

Mr. Robert W. Stewart

Chairman of the Board

Mr. William M. Burton

President

Mr. Henry S. Morton

Vice-President

Mr. George W. Stahl

Secretary-Treasurer

Mr. Seth C. Drake

General Manager—Sales

Mr. William E. Warwick

General Manager—Manufacturing

Mr. Beaumont Parks

General Superintendent

are now at the head of the Company's affairs. These men, all residents of Chicago, and all actively engaged in this business, and no other, are the Board of Directors.

They are responsible to the 4623 stockholders, and to the public, for the policies governing the Company's activities.

Each Director is a highly trained specialist, who, in addition to being master of his own particular specialty, has a profound knowledge of the oil business generally.

This complete understanding of every phase of the business, from the production of crude oil to the intricate problem of distribution, is the reason for the superlative service given by the Standard Oil Company.

## Standard Oil Company (Indiana) 910 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago



### SUMMER SHOES FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

We have a nice stock of white lace shoes, both Nile Cloth and

Nubuck, Neolin soles, heels neither too high nor too low, just the right height. A very dainty summer shoe for the growing girl.

Come in and let us show them to you.

Meet Me at Christi's Shoe Store.

## Notice To

### TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS.

Rentals are payable promptly at the end of each month. All accounts must be closed up to June 1. Please give this notice your immediate attention.

### GREENCASTLE TELEPHONE COMPANY

U. S. Wire Service

Miss Elizabeth Ames, Miss Martha Ridpath, Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Henry Ostrum are in Terre Haute attending the district meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. Fred Dressler, Mr. and Mrs. Mack Kuhns, of Terre Haute, and Omar Hall and son, Keith, of Indianapolis, were here Tuesday to attend the funeral of John Rocky.